

**FUNNY FOTO FEATURES
CARTOONS-JOKES-SONGS
FACT DETECTIVE STORY**

HIT!

PICTURE PAGEANT

MARCH

10¢

1942

FIRST ISSUE

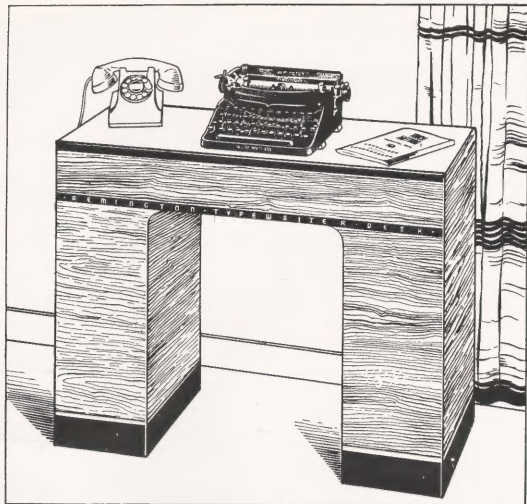
AMERICA'S

**NEWEST and BEST
PICTURE MAGAZINE**



DONA DRAKE

BEAUTIFUL SHOWGIRLS • PATRIOTIC SPORTSMEN



**THIS
BEAUTIFUL DESK
for only \$1.00 EXTRA**

**WITH ANY
REMINGTON
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER**

A beautiful desk of handsome Walnut grain, finished with rich Burgundy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination of a desk and Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. Just imagine, a small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy 10 pay plan. This will actually make you immediately the possessor of this amazing office-at-home combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.

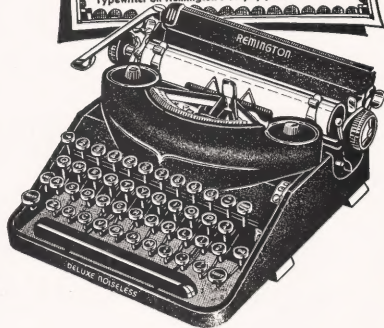
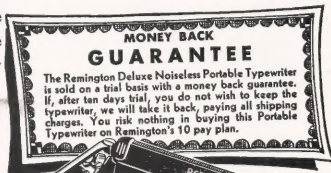
THESE TWO EXTRAS FOR YOU

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which rivals in beauty and utility the most attractive luggage you can buy.



SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key and shift lock; two color ribbon and automatic ribbon reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 3.2" wide. There are also extra features like the card writing attachment, black key cards and white letters, touch regulator, rubber cushioned feet. These make typing on a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable a distinct pleasure. Thousands of families now using the Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable know from experience how wonderful it is!

**MAIL
COUPON
NOW!**

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 469-3A
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44-page Touch Method Instruction Book. Also about your 10 pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

HIT!

MARCH, 1942

Vic Vixman, Editor



DONA DRAKE
Paramount Starlet



The ham what am—ready, willing and wriggly.
This little pig went to market, the other ended up in the soup.



Don't make a pig of yourself, little porker, stick to business.



This little pig cried "whee, whee, whee" all the way home.

Virginia's half baked ham wants to go chop chop.





The end of the trail for the three little pigs. They'll probably
indway up at the utherbay.

WATCH THE PORK CHOP CHOP

BRINGING home the bacon is a tough proposition any way you look at it, but did you ever try to bring 35 pounds of live, squealing, wriggling bacon home in your arms? Neither did we, but ten brave dancing girls manipulated a pig apiece through a knock-down, rough and tumble Pig Sweepstake in San Francisco. Born in a press agent's brain, the idea of casting girls before swine was presented to the Helene Hughes Dancers, who gleefully accepted. Before the contest was over the girls had crawled over fences, waded through mud and climbed through ditches. HIT believes that after this the gals will be content to sit at home and let their men bring home the bacon.

Pipe the satisfied look on Mr. Pork. Looks like he's glad
he went the whole hog.



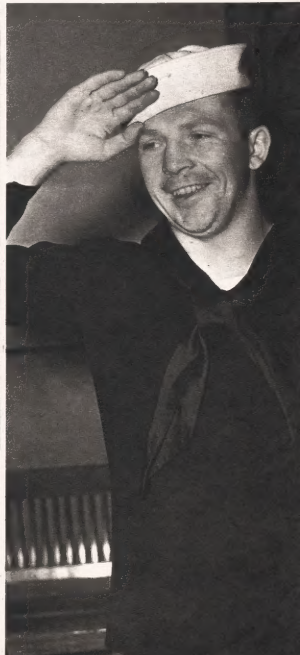


Above: The uniform didn't fool this youngster. He knows it's Sergeant Hank Greenberg. Below: Murray Patrick, New York Ranger hockey star, turns to a bigger job.



Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, right, (he was once quite a boxer himself, remember?) swears star pitcher Bobby Feller into the Navy.

Below, center: Billy Conn will skip the rope jumping until the Rising Sun sets. Below, right: Freddie Cochrane smiles confidently as he contemplates what's in store for Adolf, Benny and the little Brown Breed.



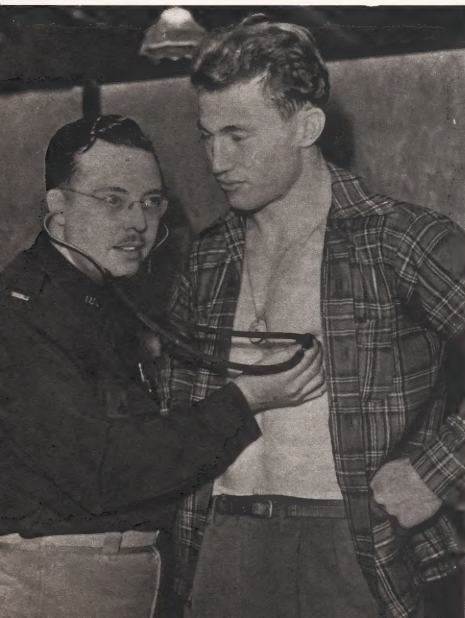
FIT AS A FIDDLE AND READY FOR FIGHTIN'

THERE never was any doubt about which country produced the greatest athletes. (See Olympic Game records.) So when bombs burst over Hawaii, the finest sportsmen in the world sprang into action. Star baseballer Bobbie Feller put away his pitcher's glove—Gridiron Hero Frank Reagan tucked the pigskin away in his locker—Brown Bomber Joe Louis dusted off his gloves—Murray Patrick wiped off his favorite hockey stick—Popular Billy Conn said farewell to the boxing ring—Detroit's Hank Greenberg hurried back to camp—"Whizzer" White took his place in the first line of defense—Welterweight Champ Freddie Cochrane saluted the flag, joined the Navy. They were ready and eager to do their bit for Uncle Sam. America salutes you—True Sportsmen—and all members of the United States armed forces. You Remember Pearl Harbor. And we're mighty proud of you. The best of luck to you all. And good hunting!

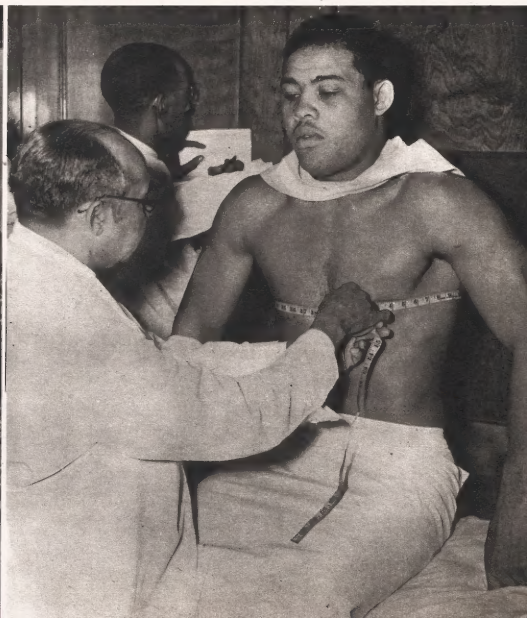


A salute to the flag from Frank Reagan, last year's University of Pennsylvania backfield star, this year a United States Marine.

Army physician Lieut. Ivan C. Berlien checks Byron "Whizzer" White's ticker, terms star footballer "A fine physical specimen." Listen Doc, we knew that all along.



Below: Dr. Herbert A. Turner measures Heavyweight Champ Joe Louis' chest. Looks like you'll have to get yourself a bigger tape measure, Doc.





"You want the job? We start you off at \$8,000 a week and a \$50,000 bonus."

NEW YORK TIMES, JULY 18
"We should have been hard at work building up a military air force two years ago."

COMFORTER: "Never despair; somewhere the sun is shining."
GOB: "Oh, yeah and if you go deep enough there is solid ground at the bottom of the sea."

COLONEL (at maneuvers to private who broke from rear ranks to avoid dust): "Get back in place, my man. Don't you know your duty is to love your country?"

ROOKIE: "Yes, sir, Colonel, but I don't love it enough to eat it."

An Umpire at the recent maneuvers was not after the scalp of the famous First Division. As one company after another reached him he would dart out of ambush and yell out:

"You're dead. You've walked right smack into an artillery barrage. Get out and lay down under those trees—out of action."

While the corpses were waiting a stolid Swede from a M.G. Company came up the road, marching along.

"Get out of the road—you're dead! You're dead!" howled the umpire, getting angrier as the Swede moved on, without regarding him. Rushing after him the umpire grabbed his shoulder, and yelled louder: "Didn't you hear me tell you that you're dead—that artillery is firing on you?"

The Swede brushed the hand away and kept royally on.

"I bane 100 ton tank on order."

GIRL FRIEND: "When are you going to marry him?"

FIANCEE: "Well, I don't know. He sends me such lovely presents I hate to marry him while his money lasts."

WISE GUY: "Women've got a lot more sense than men."

STOOGE: "How's that?"

WISE GUY: "Well, a man when he finds he is getting bald goes out and buys hair restorer while a woman whose locks get thin goes right out and buys hair."

VISITING WREN: "Tell me Gladys. Honestly, did you return his ring when you broke your engagement to the Sergeant?"

EX-DARLING: "Certainly not. My feelings towards the ring didn't change."

MESS OFFICER: "I say, Steward, there's a fly in the soup."

STEWARD: "He must be a Japanese beetle, just beating the gun."

A lot of people who have been waiting for their ship to come in are blaming the failure to arrive upon the U boats.

BUCK: "Say, Corporal, what are ancestors?"

CORPORAL: "Well your dad was one and your grandpop was another."

BUCK: "After seeing them I don't think having ancestors is anything to brag about."

Chief Petty Officer (to visiting frail): Excuse me; it's eight bells. I have to go below for my watch.

V.F. Your watch? Fancy it striking so loud as that.

KEEP THE HOME LIPS SMILING

A German officer wanted to buy a jackass from a Belgian peasant.

"What do you call this animal?" he demanded, "Leopold?"

"Oh, no, sir, that would be an insult to our King."

The peasant laughed.

"What do you mean by laughing? Do you dare call this animal Hitler?"

"Oh, no sir, I wouldn't insult my little beast."

NICE MISS: "I don't want to make a play for the Lieutenant just because he has lots of money."

FRIEND: "No, why not?"

NICE MISS: "Well, I guess I will have to; someone will have to cure him of spending it on himself."

CAMP HOSTESS (Officially): "Soldier you know you shouldn't whistle while on duty."

SOLDIER: "I'm not whistling. I'm paging the Major's dog."

SCHOLAR: "According to the Shinto faith the Mikado is the son of the rising sun."

STUDENT: "No, you're all wrong—it's the dog star."

ENLISTED LOVER (asking for best gal's hand): "I want to be honest, sir. I can't support your daughter on my pay."

PROSPECTED POP: "Don't worry, son, I can't support her either."

SHE: "Darling didn't I hear a cigar crack in your pocket?"

HE: "Cigar, nothing Baby, that's my rib."

STUDENT (to Prof): "Has Christianity made any impression upon the Japanese?"

PROF: "Well, all I can say is that they have certainly learned to double cross."

The O.D. (officer of the day to you) was making his rounds and came upon a new sentry who yelled out "Halt."

The officer waited for the next phrase "Who's there?" but instead heard nothing. After a few seconds he yelled to the sentry.

"Come on, what're the rest of your orders?"

Back came a flat impassive tone.

"I'm to say Halt just once more and then shoot."

WAGON SOLDIER: "Say, when's this war going to end?"

DOUGHBOY: "I don't know but we've planted daffydils all around our barracks."

WAGON SOLDIER: "Daffydils. Hell, we've set out century plants."

HER BROTHER: "Sergeant did you work in a museum before you joined the Army?"

SERGEANT: "No."

HER BROTHER: "That's funny; Ma says you look like a freak."

MAJOR: "My wife's put our home on war schedule."

CAPTAIN: "How's that, sir?"
MAJOR: "Eight hours for fighting, eight hours for sleeping and eight hours to listen to the war news."



"All I can say is cut out lettuce, carrots, cabbage and rabbit foods in general."



Mel Casson

"The children just adore her."



Lonnie was sitting under an umbrella, enjoying the California sunshine when she spied the disturbing news.


The ladder was a little shaky, so Lonnie held on tight.

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS DOWN ON THE FARM


THE first item Lonnie Darlene read in her newspaper this morning was an announcement by the army that it was releasing many of its farmer draftees since they were more necessary on the farm ground than the parade ground. Lonnie immediately said "Tsk, tsk," and wrote to her congressman to keep one farmer boy in the army and she would plant in his stead. Then she scurried around buying a hoe, a rake, a ladder, a shovel, two playsuits and a sweater. Her shopping completed, she jumped into her new clothes ("beauty in women aids national morale") and ran out to dig a garden. The shovel was pretty heavy, so she dragged out the hose to soften the dirt, so she could dig. Lonnie's fingernails began to get black and her nice new manicure was ruined. She hurried back to wash her hands and decided to change her dress. Then she climbed the ladder and started to prune the bushes but the gardener threatened to leave if she continued, so Lonnie went sadly back into the house. "Dear Mr. Congressman," she wrote. "P.S. Please let that little farmer boy go home. I'm not much good at raising vegetables. I'm starting a rock garden."

She decided that water would soften the ground so she dragged out the hose and turned it on.







It's not so easy
Lonnie decided.



Scissors in one hand, Lonnie began
blithely to prune the bushes.



Woodlady, spare that tree . . .
or else!" the gardener said.



So Lonnie ended
up with a rock
garden.

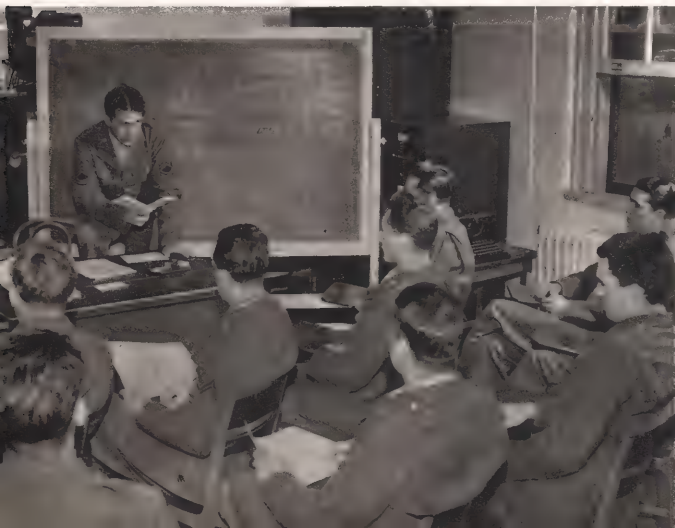


Private First Class James Burdette licks the spoon as he tests the flavor of a bowl of cake icing.

What woman would measure everything down to the last ounce. Or make such a grim business of baking?



A student gives that final touch. How long does it take to bake a cake? We wouldn't know. But we're sure it only takes a second to gobble it up.



COOK'S TOUR OF THE ARMY

"COMON over after school, guys. Pop baked a chocolate cake!" is very likely to be the cry of the next generation. For this man's army believes firmly that soldiers travel on their stomachs and is making sure that those stomachs are plenty full —of good things. The United States Army has twelve schools for cooks and bakers, and its top-notch students take post-graduate work in baking and cooking. With over five thousand eager men learning the intricacies of cakes and pies, every mother's son is sure to get his share of goodies to satisfy his sweet tooth. When this war is over, after we grind the Axis into little bits, the next batch of girls will inquire anxiously, not, "Can you support me?" but "Can you bake a cherry pie?" And lief as not (at least for five thousand lucky girls) the answer will be, "Sure. I learned how in the Army." So fear not, dear mother, your son is eating more and maybe (pardon us!) even better cakes than you ever attempted. And if you must send that devilsfood cake out, mail it to us. We could do with a hunk of devilsfood right now.

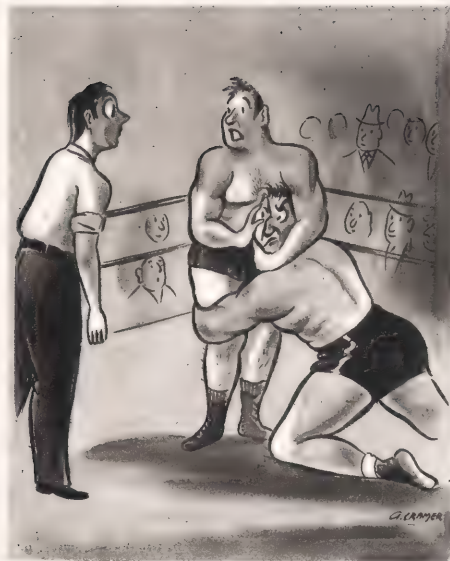
Is your mouth watering? Ours is, as Private First Class Walter Moll eats his fill.

As good as any professional caterers are these boys at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where these photos were taken.



The army cooks are constantly trying to improve their products. Instructor Sergeant Kenneth Ludvigson mixes, Lieut. Courtney Smith, Assistant Com. reads.





"He keeps whispering nasty names in my ear!"

A veteran member of a C.C.C. Camp had a bad habit of getting drunk on pay day.

On his way to inspect camp a high official saw the veteran prostrate along-side the road.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sir, I was bit by a rattlesnake."

Sensing an opportunity to do a good deed and have some fun, the visitor took his veteran in the car and turned him over to the Camp Surgeon—a specialist in treating snake bite.

After looking at the small wound on the veteran's arm which the patient insisted had been inflicted by a rattler the surgeon gave him plenty of anti-snake bite serum, etc., and etc—making the vet the sickest man in camp.

Next week when the vet went out again, his Company, to have some fun, stole a rattlesnake that the Camp Surgeon had preserved in alcohol and put it under the vet's blankets—staying awake to watch the effect on his return.

Staggering into the barrack the Vet, instead of crawling into bed, turned down his covers and saw the snake coiled up on his sheet. Then—to the amazement of his comrades, he picked up the reptile and threw it out the door, saying:

"Git ter hell outta here. Didn't I have enough trouble with you last week?"

AN INFANTRY IDEA OF A KISS

First a reconnaissance, then a meeting engagement, followed by a double envelopment and contact, maintaining heavy pressure upon the objective.

SHE: I think a soldier is so wonderful.

HE (coldly): I'm a Marine.

A Sentry on duty outside his Colonel's tent at a Southern Camp had a particularly harsh voice.

"Halt! Who's there?" he shouted in a voice that made the welkin ring every time anyone approached his post.

Around 3 A.M. the wakeful Colonel gently remonstrated with him.

"Sentry," he said, "can't you make your voice a little more musical?" he suggested.

"Yes, sir," said the Sentry with a resounding snap of his palms against his piece.

Getting into his bunk the C.O. found himself waiting for the next challenge which came a few moments later, delivered in a high falsetto.

"Halt—teetle-tum-tum—Halt, who's there?"

HEARD DURING A FLOOD DOWN SOUTH

FIRST SGT. TO GUNNER: "Say, feller you gotta nerve—washing your shirt in the water we've got to sleep in."

SCOUT: Seen a battalion pass here? FARMER: "What's that?"

SCOUT: "A battalion. One thousand guys that look just like me."

ITALIAN PRISONER: "Help! Hurry up! I think they're trying to rescue me."

GIRL FRIEND: "Tell me how you work it. I hear you can get money any time from your husband just by threatening to go home to your mother."

SWEET BRIDE: "Sure he always hands out the railroad fare."

JEST A JOKE O' TWO

HE: "I could just die dancing."
SHE (looking at her suffering slipper): "Well I think I've been wounded fatally."

At maneuvers in Louisiana, while a Red Company was hugging its hasty trenches against theoretical artillery and machine gun fire, a young private, with his rifle and bayonet raised at the charge suddenly rose from his shelter and madly ran across the (theoretically) bullet and shell swept field towards the opposing line.

"Of course," said his Colonel later, "What you did was wrong militarily speaking but I must compliment you upon your initiative and courage. Had it been a real engagement your example might have inspired your comrades to follow you. By the way what gave you the idea to rise from your trench and charge the enemy by yourself?"

"Sir," said the honest private, "I sat down in a red ants nest."

Motto for Anti-Aircraft Batteries: **WHATEVER GOES UP MUST COME DOWN.**

Get the axe for the Axis.

Said the German rooster

To the Japanese hen,

"Dot voss ein hot egg

But you laid mein friend"

But said the Japanese hen

To the German rooster

"If you don't help me quick

I'll be a gone goose-ster."

SOLDIER (Hopefully): "Haven't I seen you someplace before?"

SHE: "Well, I was there."

Sonnyboy—said the Vet—you've got nothing to worry about and I can prove it.

First of all if you don't get drafted why then you stay at home and so there's nothing to worry about then. However, if you do get drafted why you're in the best army in the world and that isn't anything to worry about. If you don't get sent to the front there's nothing to worry about. But if you do get sent to the front why you'll be too busy to start worrying and if you don't get wounded there's no cause for worry from that angle. However, if you do get wounded why you'll get sent back to a nice quiet hospital with a pretty nurse and so you've got nothing to worry about there. Then if you should get killed why you'll know nothing about it and so why worry about that. That's why I say take it from me first to last you got nothing at all to worry about.

DATE (on boardwalk): "My, don't that popcorn smell nice."

PVT. HARD CASH: "Well, let's move a little closer dear and then you can smell it better."

IN-SPEC-TION

(Battalion Commander looking over display of Pvt. Scagg's.)

"Toothbrush?"

"Yes, sir."

"Toilet kit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Housewife?"

"Oh, she's fine and how's your own missus?"



"Where's my diary!"





This ain't no picture post card, boys—it's the real McCoy from Texas. They call it "Wadin' in the Shadin'." Below: This is the kind of school you'd like to go to—we bet.



TWO LITTLE TOTS FROM TEXAS

*Texas for pretty gals, Texas for sun
Texas for real pals, Texas for fun*

SO RUNS an ancient Southern proverb; and here are Georgia and Jody to prove it. They're from Dallas, boys, and they've got the South in their mouth. Some places believe in readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic but Georgia and Jody prefer swimmin' and flyin' and ridin'. It's always summertime in Texas and it wasn't hard work at all to snap these pictures of typical Texas girls rounding out a day. (Whatta you mean hard work?) Some folks in New York say that half the pretty models are Texas born and we all know that Hollywood is full of Lone Star State beauties—but it looks like they've still got plenty down there. Say, Mr. Railroad Man, how about me exchangin' that ticket I bought for Florida to a nice pink one tagged—"One way to Dallas?"

Ridin' over hill and dale. Say, who are those guys Hill and Dale anyway?





Somebody wanted to caption this picture, "Angels Without Waterwings" but we wouldn't let 'em, would we?



HIT!

MISS MARIANNE BAXTER
Glamorous New York Show Girl





Crack rifle range instructors, Gunner Sergeant R. D. Chaney of Crane, Texas; Sergeant M. W. Billing of Detroit, Michigan; Gunner Sergeant T. E. Barrier of Statesville, North Carolina; Sergeant M. J. Holland of Freemont, Missouri.



“SEND US MORE JAPS!”

WAR makes heroes. During the first weeks of the war with Japan a gallant band of three hundred Marines turned back the onslaught of countless Japanese troops and aircraft for days. Then came an official radio message from United States Headquarters asking them what they needed. The reply was destined to be heard 'round the world. It was, "Send us more Japs!" Traditionally always

the first to reach the scene of action, Wake Island's staunch defenders had added a second slogan to America's war in the Pacific—the first being, "Remember Pearl Harbor." The pictures on the pages show the making of a Marine. The verse on the opposite page has been sung by Marines the world over, will now thrill the hearts of Americans as they remember Wake Island's courageous "Devildogs."

Every other day is wash day for the United States Marines in training. Watch out, Japs, they'll clean you up too.



Paris Island, South Carolina, Marines perfect a fine sight as they take part in drills.





THE MARINE'S HYMN

*Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the Streets are guarded
By United States Marines.*



"Here come the Marines!" These boys are ready for service on land or sea, will in World War II play a major role in victory as they have in every war since their nation was born.



A perfect sight is part of the training of United States Marines at Parris Island, South Carolina. Warning: Dictators Beware!





George Brown, left, ex-president of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees is shown with his West Coast representative, Willie Bioff, as they arrived at Federal Court for words with "Uncle Sam."

"A MILLION FOR ME and A MILLION FOR GEORGE"

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE "B. AND B. BOYS"—WILLIE BIOFF AND GEORGE BROWN AND THEIR MILLION DOLLAR RACKET

By R. G. DIANE

WILLIE (The Lug) Bioff and George (Gimme Another Shot of Bourbon) Browne, two fat, fortyish gentlemen of questionable past and even more doubtful present, met at a bar one afternoon late in 1929 in the "Holy City," Cicero, Illinois. As you know, Cicero was the halliwick of Al Capone, Chicago's beer and murder baron, and its speakies were the habitat of the most imposing array of rod artists ever assembled by a criminal genius. Willie Bioff and George Browne fitted perfectly into the evil mosaic since each was five feet, eight inches and two hundred pounds of roughness, toughness and nastiness.

The two had just been formally introduced by one of Capone's hoodlum lieutenants. What they had in common was that they were both working for the Big Boy, Willie in the girl racket, which was one of the subsidiaries of the Capone enterprises, and Browne as a strongarm assistant of all work with a roving commission. But Willie and George, as they pressed their bulk against the mahogany, weren't long in discovering that there was a deeper bond between them. They just clicked with each other after a preliminary size-up and decided that if they teamed they could go places, more or less on their own.

Both Willie and George (or Jumbo, as he was often called) were Windy City tenement boys who had come to eminence and affluence by virtue of the power they packed in their fists and the craftiness that inhabited their brains. Willie had been a bartender and the superintendent of a brickyard

before devoting himself to supplying entertainment to lonesome men. Jumbo, who had once been a stagehand, had focused his talents with a view to making a racket out of organized labor, and was a member in good standing of the Chicago local of the moving picture theatre projectionists' union, which in turn was tied up with the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators of America. To save time, and wear and tear on vocal apparatus, the International union was called the I.A.T.S.E. or more briefly still, the I.A. This organization comprised a membership of well over one hundred thousand workers, including those in the Hollywood movie studios.

Ah, Hollywood! The magic of the name had long appealed to Jumbo and, when Browne told Willie the Lug that phase of the story, it set sparks off in Bioff's mind, too. Why couldn't the two of them, they wondered, somehow really horn into this union in a big way by fair means or foul, preferably foul, use it as a club over the heads of the fabulously rich Hollywood studios, and get their mitts on some real gravy. Why not, indeed?

As the boys warmed up to their plans for the future, they envisioned themselves living in opulent California mansions which would be lousy with Jap servants and where the graft would be rolling in faster than they could count it. "Tell you what you do, George," said Willie, over a bottle of bourbon one day. "You start glad-hand-in' everybody in that yere union you belong to, an' build yourself up."

"The idea bein'?"

"You gonna be head of the whole works."

"President?" asked Jumbo.

Willie nodded until his two chins made three. "President," he said.

Bioff's roseate dreams were shattered, at least temporarily, when the Chicago gendarmes, in a sudden burst of alertness, hauled his fat hide off to the bridewell. Willie the Lug was charged with an offense, the official word applied to a go-between who brings love partners together for a profit. The best laid plans of mice and mouth-pieces often go awry and Willie the racketeer found himself contemplating a year in the jug. When he still had six months to go, he began breathing freedom's air again, pending an appeal. The appeal was denied and Willie by rights should have gone back to the clink, but he was in hiding. That is to say, he wasn't hanging out around Cicero anymore, but transferred his well-dressed presence to Chicago's Loop. There Willie, now conniving again with Jumbo Browne as to how best to seize control of the international union, circulated in the very brightest of after-dark spots and the astigmatism of the duly constituted authorities must have been very bad indeed in order for them to have overlooked Willie for Bioff was daily as obvious as a horse in a bathroom.

Oh, well, we can't concern ourselves with small things like six months in the hoosegow. Certainly Willie wasn't concerned. He was too busy, with Jumbo, going around as Jumbo's personal representative extending five fat fingers in gestures of good-will among

members of the union. The union projectionists, like the rank and file of all union men, were decent, hard-working guys. But they were human, and allergic to promises of better working conditions and higher pay. Jumbo and Willie were promising them the moon and the adjacent territory thereof.

Let it be said on Jumbo's behalf that he had a way with him. He was a convincing talker, if ever you heard one, and he could summon up a phoney emotion to fit any occasion, particularly when there was something in it for him. He attended the union meetings, took the floor and made impassioned speeches on behalf of the working man, always pointing out that these rich Hollywood guys who made the movies that the projectionists ran off in hot, unhealthy booths, were wallowing in luxury and cawing in the California sunshine. "We gotta do somethin' about it!" Jumbo would shout. He never got very specific about just what action he intended to take for when he made such a crack Willie the Claque Leader, sitting down front, would start a round of applause that was heartily joined in by Cicero friends planted in the audience. Many a projectionist at such a meeting, who hardly shared the somewhat spurious enthusiasm for Browne and who refused to poin in the applause, found himself in a disconcerting position of having a rough-looking guy next to him nudge him, glower and rasp, "Why ain't you clappin'!"

Browne and Bioff knew that Rome wasn't built in a day and that, by the same token, Jumbo couldn't be magnified to the stature of a national labor

leader in a short space of time. But the boys kept hammering away with close-in body punches, and when the International Alliance held its convention in Louisville, Kentucky in 1933 they were all set to go. A detective taking a gander at some of the mugs encountered in the lobby of the convention hotel would have had to pinch himself to make sure that he wasn't in Cicero. Willie the Importer, operating on behalf of his chum, Jumbo, had hired a special train to transport an army of former laborers in the Capone vineyard to the blue grass country for the express purpose of using whatever tactics were necessary to see that the vote for the new president was "right."

And it was right. Jumbo Browne left Louisville for Chicago as president of a union comprising more than a hundred thousand highly skilled workers. Now he and Willie were almost ready to begin the operations they had planned for so long. There was just one fly in the ointment, in the form of a gentleman named Malloy, who happened to be president of the Chicago local.

Not long after the Louisville convention, however, Mr. Malloy died. "Death was very sudden," Willie said when he went around announcing the demise. It so happened that there was a clause in the international union constitution which gave the president emergency powers in the event of an unfortunate situation like the one in the Windy City. And you may be sure that President Browne exercised those emergency powers before the earth was hard over the dead local leader's grave. Jumbo just assumed the local as well as the national leadership, and Willie the Trumpet went around howling about what a great local leader the president would make and how very fortunate indeed it was that Jumbo, at great personal sacrifice, was taking on added work on behalf of the projectionists.

Not long after the president had assumed his extraordinary powers, Willie the Caller visited the office of the executive of a chain of motion picture theatres in Chicago. "The name's Willie," said Willie. "I'm here representing President Browne of the I.A. and the local."

"Yes?" said the puzzled executive. "Yes, hell!" said Willie. "Doncha know why I'm here?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," was the truthful response.

"Come on! Come on!" said Bioff (pronounced Buy-off, with the accent on the first syllable). "Stop playing dumb. We want you to sell every projectionist out of every one of your tee-ate-ers."

"This is a hold-up!" stormed the executive. "It's bribery!"

Willie plumped his big frame in an upholstered chair, bit off the end of a fifty-cent cigar, smiled and said, "How you name it don't make no difference. It's goin' to cost you just fifteen grand to keep open."

The executive tried to reason with Bioff. He asked his visitor what would happen if he, the executive, told members of the union what their leader and his representative were pulling. Willie didn't even blink. "You know where the Chicago River is?" he asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" was the snapping answer of the outraged man.

"That's what'll happen if you start singin'," said Willie the Threatener. "The Chicago River—for you."

The theatre executive, stunned after Willie walked out, giving him twenty-four hours to think things over, weighed in the Chicago River against the thousand dollars—and the money won.

It was all wrapped up and waiting for Willie when the union president's representative called the next day. "You're a smart fella," said Bioff in departing.

The B. and B. Boys, as Browne and Bioff were now known in certain circles, were elated at the initial success of their campaign against the Chicago theatre owners. Of course they regarded the fifteen grand as peanuts; they were thinking in millions. It was the ease with which the operation had been carried out that appealed to them. The next figure they arrived at was thirty thousand, and the victim was to be another Chicago theatre chain.

Again assuming the role of Willie the Caller, Bioff stood in the outer offices of an executive of the second chain. The girl at the reception desk attached no significance to the name that the fat visitor gave. She said that she doubted if the executive would have time to see him. "Hub!" snorted Willie. "That's a hot one! No time! Look, girly, you chase in there and tell that guy—he'll take time!"

Indeed the executive did take time, for he had heard Willie's booming, threatening tones even before he saw Willie. Bioff got right down to business after identifying himself. "Wooden! It be awful if a strike was called on the men was pulled outta the booth!"

"Yes," came the answer. "That would be serious; our theatres would lose revenue that they could never make up."

"S-a-y," said Willie. "You catch on?"

The smile on Bioff's countenance vanished and he said shortly, "Thirty thousand'll fix everything."

"Don't understand you," Willie looked disgusted. "First you do, then you don't," he said. "You want me to draw a map or something?"

Now Bioff made himself explicit. When he left another theatre executive was trying to decide whether it would be better to play the safe game or to meet the man who had just called. Bioff found out the next day that it was money.

The B. and B. Boys began going through Chicago's movie theatre world, relieving playhouse operators of sums varying from ten to thirty thousand dollars. It all depended on what the traffic would bear. "I feel sorry for you little guys," Willie would often explain when he put the bite on a small chain. More than a year passed, and Willie and Jumbo were still at it. Up to this time, Jumbo was going through the motions of being a very busy and successful executive. Now was strictly come to see if any evidence of his actually collecting the graft went. While he was splitting the swag down the middle with Willie, his betrayal of his trust could never have been proved in court.

Browne often developed signs of chilled pedal extremities and asked Bioff how he could be sure that none of the victims would squawk. "George," Willie would assure him, "you got nothin' to worry about. Nothin'. That Chicago River line gets 'em all—and when Willie gets 'em, they stay got."

After two years of operations in Chicago, during which time the money piled up just about an even two hundred grand, the B. and B. Boys decided to move on to New York. For this was in the nature of a prelude to Hollywood, where the movie industry capital and the opulent life out there remained their ultimate goal. But New York, with its many successful theatres, was so ripe for a nice plucking.

As personal representative of the international union president, Willie was the point man. The projection booths in many of Gotham's leading



Joseph Schenck, Board Chairman of Twentieth Century Fox Corporation, leaves court with his lawyer, Jerry Giesler. Executive Schenck wondered about the "B. and B. Boys," learned that they weren't paying "social" calls.

movie palaces by way of a personal inspection of working conditions. While that was going on, Browne, who was actually a three-bottle-a-day man, was spending most of his time in the swankier bar rooms, downing bourbon to his heart's content. The amazing thing about Jumbo was that while he was never sober he was never drunk. For years he had started the day off with a water tumblerful of bourbon, then tapered down gradually until he was only taking a small drink by dinner time, then increased his dosage until he wound up with another tumblerful as a night-cap.

Willie called on the executive of a chain of theatres in metropolitan New York. After identifying himself, his opening question was, "You ever been in the projection booth of that there stink pot you run on so-and-so Street?"

The executive couldn't say that he had.

"It's awful hot there," said Willie. "Now if the fella workin' there takes it into his nut to quit, maybe all the men will come outta the booths in your other tee-ate-ers."

"I don't get it," said the executive. "I do—and you will," said Willie. Bioff thereupon explained that it was going to cost just twenty-five thousand dollars if the chain did not want a severe interruption in the projection of the entertainment it dispensed to the paying customers. Both Browne and Bioff knew that they had a potent weapon in the projectionists; they also knew that the projectionists, honest, decent fellows, had not the slightest idea of the game that was being played. For

Browne and Bioff had practically no overhead. Occasionally they would give some former Capone mugg five hundred or so to tail someone they had just shaken down to make sure they didn't visit any public buildings where stenographers took down official statements for guys like, for example, Tom Dewey, the racket buster.

During the year of 1936 Jumbo and Willie took in another two hundred grand in New York, making their total since Browne had pummeled his way into the presidency, of four hundred grand in graft.

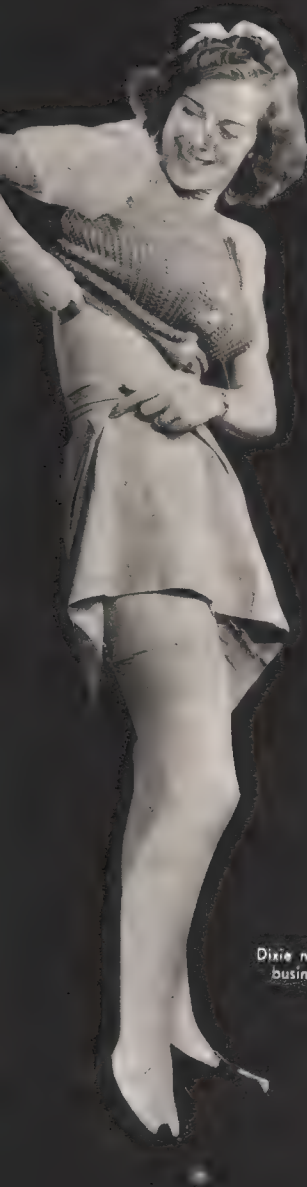
Now that the Chicago and New York fields were pretty well harvested, the B. and B. Boys jumped on a plane and went to the Pacific Coast. There Browne set up elaborate offices in the Taft Building, at Hollywood and Vine in Hollywood, and he and his sidekick announced that they would be pleased to be shown around the studios where so many thousands of the union hands worked.

It was a grand tour. The boys first went out to the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City and if the M-G-M lion had known what was in their minds he would certainly have roared a warning. Both the president and his personal representative made a great hit in Culver City. The union employees thought they were very democratic fellows, indeed, to be in such exalted posts. Willie often shot crap with some of the electricians, won their money with loaded dice, and then gave it back to them with a grand gesture.

(Continued on page 32)

BRIGHTEN UP YOUR OFFICE

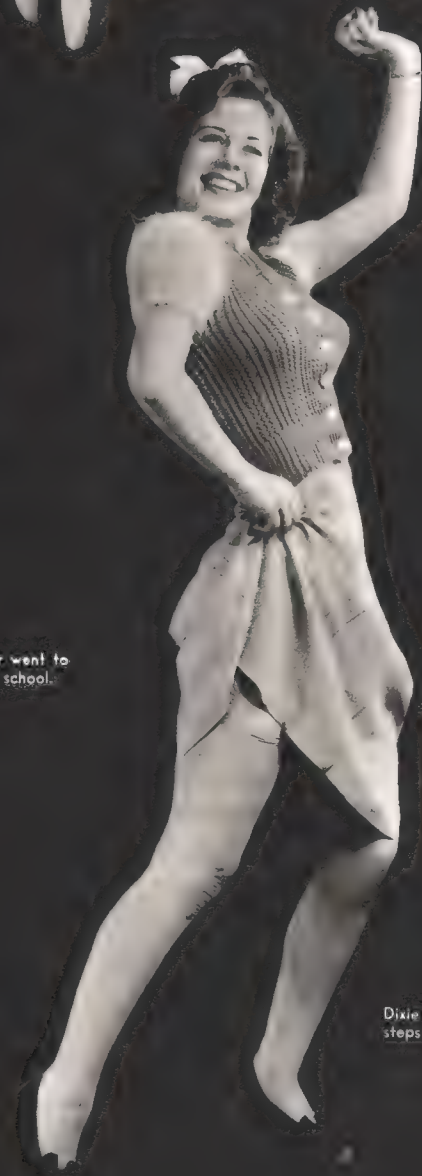
A K... office so routine it practically runs itself? Are you longing for a little change and excitement? HIT has the practical remedy for the tired business man. Hire little Dixie ("Fix-it") Dean as your private secretary and life will cease to be tame. Dixie boasts no business experience, never attended a secretarial school, can't take a word of shorthand and thinks a *pet* is a slang expression for *husband*. But with the power. Let Dixie run your business for you, take the weight from your shoulders onto your lap. You may not make any money but look at all the fun you'll have. Dixie's pet filing system is under the carpet, she thinks a ribbon is a hair bow and pad means dates to her. She's full of surprises: the only predictable thing about her is you never can predict what she'll do next. HIT predicts that when Dixie has been with you 2 weeks you'll propose and end up keeping her as a pet. On second thought, just skip this whole article. We're hiring Dixie ourself.



Dixie never went to business school.



Her pet filing cabinet is under the carpet.



Dixie practices dance steps on the boss' time.



The wastebasket makes an elegant drum.



Dixie is a little bundle of nerves, none of it official.



Dixie's out of circulation. We're marrying her ourself.

SECRETS of LOVE & MARRIAGE

Edited by Dr. Edward Podolsky



FUN FROM THE FRONT

Cook A, an Old Timer, who had imbibed lemon extract the night before was brought before an Investigating Officer on charges.

"What are the charges against this man?" asked the I.O.

"Last night he went to a circus and saw the knife thrower at work, throwing knives at an assistant. Under the influence of vanilla and lemon extract he lined up his K.P.'s this morning and threw his carving knives at them."

"Did he injure the men?"

"No, sir."

"What have you to say, Cook?"

"Sir, after I felt that I was drunk I got afraid that maybe I was going to be kicked out of the Army and so I decided to learn a new profession. That wuz why I was practicing on the K.P.'s."

BANKER: "My wife's doing her bit—making socks for soldiers."

BROKER: "Gosh, you're lucky. Mine's making her's for me."

SISSY: "I just heard that Percy is a Conscientious Objector."

MISSY: "Oh, ab-so-lu-tely! Why the poor dear won't even use military brushes on his hair."

SERGEANT (coach) bitterly: And you take your rifle and you say you aim at the bulls-eye but what you are hitting is the wide, wide world.

There are more ways than one to raze an unpopular officer.

A glittering major whose stuck-up-itiveness riled his men got something wrong with his right eye and covered it with a green patch.

Next day at rifle practice, under the theory that the non-shooting eye needed protection, every man in the regiment bought himself a green eye patch.

Result the command became known as the "Patch Eye Cadets."

The pay off came at a review of a transportation section when someone painted the blinders of the mule a bright pea green that made the regiment tremble as it presented arms.

FOND MOTHER: "My boy, Pete is doing well in the Army."

KIND FRIEND: "Yes?"

F.M.: "Oh, yes the darling boy writes that he's on his battery team."

K.F.: "What position does he play?"

F.M.: "Oh, I think the darling boy is one of the drawbacks."

LADY: "You advertise that you make a special effort to fill any requirements of customers?"

SALES PERSON: "Oh, yes, madam."

LADY: "Then pick me out a pipe that will be becoming to a tall young artillery officer with a small moustache and aristocratic nose."

Things have changed in the Army since a day in the early '70s when the C.O. of a Western Post posted this notice on the Bulletin Board:

"For the sake of discipline and good order it is recommended that officers heretofore purchase whiskey by the bottle instead of by the barrel, refrain from discharging fire arms in post limits and cease riding buffalos on the parade grounds."

THE ROMANCE OF A MARRIED PRIVATE

CHAPTER I

Bread and Cheese and kisses.

CHAPTER II

Bread and Cheese.

CHAPTER III

Cheese.

MAJOR (to Camp Barber): "Do you remember that hair restorer I bought from you?"

SHAVES: "Oh, yes sir."

MAJOR: "Well give me six more bottles of it; I want to make a fool out of the Colonel, too."

SURGEON (finishing examination of prospective selector): Sonny boy you've caught everything but the train back home and you'll catch that in the morning.

At last, the whole truth about sex! The time has come to bring this intimate, necessary knowledge into the light of day—into the hands of every married man and woman who wants to lead a satisfactory, healthy, full life. Written in simple and frank language—**SECRETS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE** explains how to attract the opposite sex—how to win love—how to conduct married life. The book explains the problems of the wife and how to solve them—and the problems of the husband and how to overcome them. Sometimes there are actual physical disabilities, such as impotence, sterility, etc. The book advises just on correct treatment. It also describes a chapter to "BIRTH CONTROL," with reasons for and against. It features a table of "safe periods." In short, it is a complete guide to practically every phase of Love-MARRIAGE—And SE—

"Secrets of Love and Marriage" is an endless source of intimate information from the first whisper of youthful love to the full flowering of grand passions answering many questions you hesitate to ask even your closest friend.

Offers a Liberal Education in Sexual Science

PART OF CONTENTS

- Need for sex; understanding in all married happiness—book offers true understanding of sex.
- Married Man should know:
 - Included is not enough functions of organs in married relations—how to overcome them; how to overcome them; how to overcome them; how to overcome them.
- Love Problems of Wives:
 - Marriages fail—wife often frustrated, dissatisfied.
- Program in Marriage:
 - Marriage based on mutual love and co-operation—chart of marriage—how to overcome them; how to overcome them; how to overcome them; how to overcome them.
- Functions of Sex Organs:
 - The purpose of sex—functions of the male organs and work—how conception takes place.
- The Art of Married Love:
 - The importance of penetration—develop mutual rhythm—resulting in climax together—problems of physical mismatching—overcoming difficulties.
- Secrets of Sex Appeal:
 - Dangers of Peeking:
 - It is wise to peek to be popular?—Embracing bodies and too kinetic dangers—overcoming difficulties to control.
 - How to produce ideal conditions for marital relations in your home.
 - Discussion of sexual types.
 - Mistake ideas on sex.
 - Advice to married people.
 - Normal relations in married life in each sex.
 - Techniques favorable for mutual satisfaction for married lovers.
- Intimate Questions of Husbands:
 - Overcoming some common sexual problems—how to obtain "control"—importance of prolonged coitus—effect of frequency on control—overcoming frigidity in wives—of husband's impotency—organic deficiencies—various faults and their remedies.
- Intimate Questions of Wives:
 - Importance of free discussion with husband—avoid haste—strive for perfection—use a mutual matter—abstinence and excess—intimate women's problems.

LET US SEND BOOK ON TRIAL!

Send no money now. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just mail the coupon. When book arrives, deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage charge, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Under now!



"His friends! Last time it was a wrestler and I spent the next four days with a chiropractor!"



"She says she doesn't want us to get Private Smith all tired out in these maneuvers, because she's taking him to the dance tonight."



6 THINGS THIS BOOK DID FOR THIS COUPLE

Written By
A Doctor

In
Plain
Words

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS



LATEST SEX FACTS—

- 1 It enabled the wife to overcome unnatural timidity and shyness.
- 2 It gave the husband the sex knowledge he lacked.
- 3 It showed each mate the sex needs of the other—and how to satisfy them.
- 4 It told how to create the greatest joy and lasting satisfaction.
- 5 It answered worrisome questions with up-to-date facts and latest scientific information.
- 6 It put new life, new romance, new vitality into a marriage that was going stale.

FREE OFFER

No matter how long you are married, return coupon for this great book now. Especially valuable for newlyweds.

Written in plain words, covers every phase of sex life in marriage.

Clearly illustrated with sex anatomy charts drawn by a master.

Guaranteed to be BETTER than you expected, or money back if book returned within 5 days.

Made no mistake! Accept no substitutes! Dr. Hutton's is the book you want. Return coupon, fill in and mail now!

Send No Money!

AMERICAN MEDICAL OPINION

"A practical work written in plain understandable language with a modern touch of view."
—Journal of the American Medical Association.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MALE & FEMALE SEX ANATOMY

Female Sex Organs, front and side views . . .
The Internal Sex Organs . . . The External Sex Organs . . .
Male Sex Organs, side views . . .
Male and Female Reproductive Coils.

SEND NO MONEY

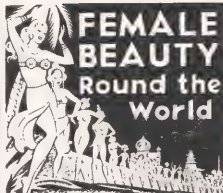
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW TO
HEALTHWRIGHT, INC., 1924 7TH ST.,
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Send me "Sex Technique in Marriage," by Dr. I.E. Hutton, in plain, straightforward language with a modern touch of view. I will pay \$3.00 and five cents postage will return book within 5 days and you will refund purchase price. (I am over 21 years old.)

Name

Address

CHECK HERE if you want to save postage charges, and we will ship prepaid. (Same Money-back guarantee as above.)



World's Greatest Collection of Strange & Secret Photographs

NOW you can travel round the world with the most daring adventurers. You can see with your own eyes, the weirdest peoples on earth. You witness the strangest customs of the red, white, brown, black and yellow races. You attend their startling rites, their mysterious practices. They are all assembled for you in these five great volumes of **THE SECRET MUSEUM OF HANKING**.

500 LARGE PAGES

Here is the World's Greatest Collection of Strange and Secret Photographs. Here are Exotic Photos from Europe, Primitive Photos from Africa, Torture Photos from Asia, Female Photos from Oceania and America, and hundreds of others. There are almost 500 **LARGE PAGES** of Strange & Secret Photographs, each page 57 square inches in size.

1,000 REVEALING PHOTOS

You see actual courtship practiced in every quarter of the world. You see magic and mystery in queer lands where the foot of a white man has rarely trod. You see Oriental modes of marriage and female slavery in China, Japan, India, etc. Through the intimacy of the camera you witness the exotic habits, every custom and the strangest customs of life and love in America, Europe, etc. You are bewildered by these large pages of **ONE THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS** including 150 full-page photos, and thrilled by the hundreds of short stories that describe them.

Contents of 5-Volume Set

- Volume 1—The Secret Album of Africa
- Volume 2—The Secret Album of Europe
- Volume 3—The Secret Album of Asia
- Volume 4—The Secret Album of America
- Volume 5—The Secret Album of Oceania

5 PICTURE-PACKED VOLUMES

The **SECRET MUSEUM OF HANKING** consists of five picture-packed volumes (solidly bound together for convenient reading). Dip into one or all of these volumes, and as you turn its pages, you find it difficult to tear yourself away. Here, in story and unusual photos, is the **WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF STRANGE AND SECRET PHOTOGRAPHS**, containing everything from Female Beauty Round the World to the most mysterious Cults and Customs. These hundreds and hundreds of large pages will give you days and nights of thrilling entertainment.

Specimen Photos

Various Secret Initiates—Civilized Love vs. Savage—Exotic Rites and Customs—Oriental—Circus—Omens, Telegrams & Telegrams—Mysterious Customs—Dances & Customs—Round the World

1,000 Strange and Secret Photos

SEND NO MONEY

Simply slip & mail the coupon. Remember, each of the 5 volumes is 5 1/2 inches high, and, opened over a foot wide. Remember also that this 5-Volume set, formerly \$10.00, is now only \$1.98. And it's yours and yours alone. Don't put this off. Fill out the coupon, drop it in the next mail, and receive this huge work at once.

FORMERLY \$10
NOW ONLY
\$1.98

FOR THE COMPLETE
5 VOLUME SET
BOUND TOGETHER

METRO PUBLICATIONS
70 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5005, New York, N. Y.

Send me "The Secret Museum of Hanking" (5 great volumes bound together). I will pay postman \$1.98, plus postage on arrival. If in 5 days I am not satisfied, I will return the book and you will refund my \$1.98.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
☐ CHECK BY RETURN, if you are enclosing \$1.98, plus postage, the my only obligation.
Cashable money \$2.50 in advance.

Accept this Gift

32

33



The master of kissing technique, Charles Boyer demonstrates his skill with partner Jean Arthur.

Right: "Oh, ma, she's making eyes at me! Ma, she's kissin' me!"

The kiss to end all kisses. Rover and Lady indulge.



KISS AND TELL

WHAT is a kiss? A buss, a smack, an osculation . . . sweet only when shared. "Kissin' Bug!" is a taunt when spoken by a scornful boy, but oh how fast he changes his mind. Young girls sigh for it; little children cry for it; young men lie for it; old men would die for it. And what is a kiss? Nothing divided by two.

McFARLAND TWINS and JUDY STARR



Arthur McFarland looks after the arrangements and the music end of their orchestra. The McFarland Twins may be heard broadcasting from the Blue Gardens in Armonk, N. Y., on a coast-to-coast network.



George McFarland tends to the business end of the orchestra and helps lead the band with his brother. The orchestra just finished a successful run at the Paramount Theatre in New York.

DO
HOME RECORDING!
You, Too, Can
Make Your Own
Records If You
Sing or Play an
Instrument

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Burt Ennis, vocalist with the McFarland Twins, is shown checking his home recording with the music score.

Now a new invention permits you to make a recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDER unit, which operates on your electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back on any phonograph as often as you wish. Make your HOME MOVIE a talking picture with Home Recorder. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Judy Starr, petite songstress, whose vocal renditions were enthusiastically received by the crowds at the N. Y. Paramount, is shown making a home recording for her collection.

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. **ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.**

OPERATES ON YOUR A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH
RECORD PLAYER
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

OUR REFUND GUARANTEE

Get Home Recorder and in the privacy of your own home and in your leisure time (during a whole week), use up to 6 records making 12 recordings. If you then feel that you are willing to part with the set, return it to us and back comes your money less \$1.00 to cover cost of records used, packaging, recording needle, postage, etc.

SET ON TRIAL UP TO 12 RECORDINGS

From Wm. C. California
I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

A.R.G. writes:

I received my Home Recorder and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

Miss Lillian C. says:
Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

**SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!**

HOME RECORDING CO.
STUDIO CM, 7 East 19th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.98 plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$4.00 and save postage.)

Send _____ additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$4.50 cash with order.

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$3.98

INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY

HOME RECORDING CO.

STUDIO CM

9 EAST 19TH STREET

NEW YORK

The 27 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

— Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double quick time. Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask.

Only 15 Minutes A Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-

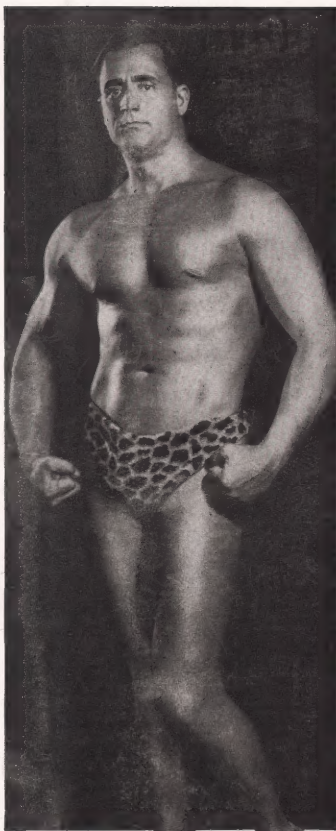
blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle.

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peevish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

FREE BOOK "EVERLASTING HEALTH and STRENGTH"

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 245R, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Here's PROOF Right Here

"Results came so fast through your method that it was just as if some magician put on the pounds of solid muscle just where you want them!" —W.L., Missouri

"Feel like a million dollars and have a 44" upper chest!" —J.B., GAIN IN 4 DAYS!

"—L.S.S., Illinois have just two inches on my neck, and 1/2 inch on my neck."

"My muscles are bulging out and I feel like a new man. My chest measures 38 inches and 1/2 in. and my neck increased 2 in."

"—O.H., Ohio Your book opened my eyes. I'm in excellent shape and I'm sure on my chest I've gained 2 in."

"—F.P., Pennsylvania"

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 245R
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**HOME
DELIVERY
SERVICE**

ASK FOR DETAILS

ABSOLUTELY
ON SALE HERE

*At the heart
of the
Community*

NOTHING
ON SALE HERE

D & M scans BOOKSTALL

WIN
ROCKS
SEASON
TICKETS
ONLY 100p